**Reassurances**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1092886.

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| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationship: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter |
| Additional Tags: | Oral Sex, Masturbation, Body Image |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 1 of Season One-Inspired Hannigram: One-Shots |
| Stats: | Published: 2013-12-22 Words: 1,340 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Reassurances

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

## Summary

"Will is a little embarrassed because his cock is quite a bit smaller than Hannibal's..."

## Notes

See the end of the work for notes

*I should never have read that fucking article*, thought Will. The latest scientific study on average penis size that had been in a medical journal in Hannibal's waiting room just made him feel even more inadequate than he already did. He had not previously thought much about comparing himself to other men, but the first time he saw Hannibal's thick, long, hard cock, he thought his eyes would fall out of his head. Not only was he going to be fucked by that, but it made him feel incredibly bad about himself. But he'd stayed quiet about his embarrassment, trying not to seem obsessive about it. He felt like he was crazy enough, and Hannibal had to deal with mundane neuroses enough in his practice. But after reading that article, and realizing that yes, he really was empirically below average, he felt compelled to say something. After all, their meeting today was supposed to address how he was feeling, and this was preoccupying him more and more lately, making it difficult to properly do his investigative work. So it counted as something he should bring up. Right?

"Hello, Will."

Startled to realize that he'd been taken completely off-guard by Hannibal opening the door to his office, Will stood up very fast. Hannibal hid his half-smile. "Please, come in."

Sitting in the office, Will put his hands on his knees and leaned forward, unconsciously drawing up into himself. This did not go unnoticed.

"You seem unusually closed off, Will. You must tell me the cause of this discomfort which has such a distinct physical manifestation."

Will almost laughed at how obvious he was being. *How can I possibly bring this up without dying of shame?*

He nervously ran his fingers though his hair, and took off his glasses, staring with unfocused eyes at the wall. No way was he looking right at Hannibal when he explained this.

"I've been getting more and more aware of the fact that I'm not exactly...big."

"Oh?" said Hannibal questioningly. *He's not gonna let me off the hook is he?*

"It's just that, before, as I was in your waiting room, there was an article...discussing average size. And I'm not...It said that the average was 5.6 inches, and I've never measured, but…I'd suspected as much after, well, after seeing you."

Hannibal inclined his head and pondered this. Will had never expressed feelings of inadequacy in this area before. But the way he acted when they were together, always waiting to be led and never taking the initiative, it made sense.

"You know that I do not consider you deficient."

"Frankly, Hannibal, how could you not? I mean, in comparison. To you."

"Your anatomical measurements are not the primary consideration in how I view our relationship."

"But...."

"Will," he said sternly, drawing the other man out of this cycle of self-pity. "I see that you're going to need more convincing than I can give to you only through words." He got up, and went over to the turquoise couch against the wall, and sitting down, patted the place beside him. "Come here." That commanding tone was impossible to ignore.

"I didn't come here for you to have to..."

A sharp look cut him off and told him to stop going on about it. He sat down.

Hannibal put his hand on Will's thigh, lightly stroking it. He leaned in close to Will's ear and said, "Allow me to show you what I really think, what words alone cannot express."

Without waiting for permission, he continued to slide his hand up Will's now trembling thigh, a skillful hand unbuckling his belt and unzipping his jeans. Through the fabric of his boxers, Hannibal traced the outline of his quickly hardening cock. Will exhaled, trying to stop shaking so much. He was almost afraid to watch, but the temptation to look was irresistible. With quickly rising lust, he saw Hannibal free him from the confines of the cloth. Hannibal rested his head on Will's shoulder and began to work the length of it with excruciating slowness. Will still felt as if he looked quite small contained in that large hand, but he was losing the ability to care much about that anymore.

He was quickly getting close to a building orgasm; but Hannibal seemed to sense this, and backed down, bringing him back from the edge. Will squirmed in frustration. Hannibal swirled a broad thumb over the leaking head, slicking his hand, and making it slide more easily over Will's surging cock. But he did it so leisurely, and almost without pressure. Even this brought Will close to coming again, so Hannibal decreased the long strokes of his warm, firm hand. Will couldn't look away as he continued to stroke him faster, then softer, then harder, then slower, continually bring him so, so close, but not letting him achieve release.

He began to try to move his hips to get more friction, but a small growl let him know to sit still. But he didn't feel quite so negative about himself anymore, as such attention and skill was being paid to his cock by this worshipful, almost reverential treatment. The deft hands worked it so beautifully. Hannibal really did enjoy him this way. Will had finally internalized the idea, and quite unexpectedly, a tear rolled from his eye. Followed by another, and another. This was more an emotional release than a physical one; he was surprised how relieved he felt, knowing he was accepted.

Hannibal was not anticipating this. He thought he'd only need to tease Will, and make him feel a little better. He hadn't realized how deep the issue cut into Will's psyche. By now, Will was practically sobbing, mostly with relief. Hannibal decided to stop tormenting him, and show him how he really felt. He whispered, "Quiet, Will, shhhh. Just let me take care of you." He extricated himself from Will's arms, as he had begun to cling to him. He lowered himself to his knees in front of Will, parting the quaking man’s legs wide.

Will didn't take his eyes away from Hannibal's lovely mouth, as he saw his hardness slip between the soft and full lips, and stopped crying. He dared to touch Hannibal’s neat hair, who continued to more and more enthusiastically suck the length of Will’s now aching cock

in and out of his exquisite mouth, ceasing occasionally to tongue at the head before taking it all back in. Will had been close to finishing so many times now; this was nearly overwhelming, watching Hannibal appearing to relish this act. That he could take him all the way inside his mouth much more easily than Will was able to do for him did not seem like such a disadvantage. Hannibal was sucking him so hard. It was so hot and wet and tight*, god so fucking tight...*

The rising surge of his orgasm took Will off guard. The way he had been brought to the brink and back again and again made him come hard, and more than he thought he ever had before. But Hannibal never took Will a fraction out of his mouth, just letting him shoot it all into the back of his throat.

Hannibal took a moment to savor this, and then took out his handkerchief to tidy up the corner of his mouth. He drew himself back up to the couch, and pushed Will's hair out of his eyes. After a moment, he took Will's chin in a gentle hand, and had him make the eye contact that was always so uncomfortable.

"I hope you see what I see, Will. You're beautiful. All of you. Your body, your cock, your mind. Do not allow yourself to think otherwise. I won't hear of it. If I do, we shall have to address your disobedience. It doesn't pay to be naughty, now does it?"

"I'm not sure, Hannibal," Will said, feeling quite naughty indeed, "you tell me."

Hannibal answered only with a salty, earthy kiss.

End Notes

From a suggestion by trr_rr on Tumblr. Writing outside of my own headcannons is challenging! Also, this is waaaay nicer then how I usually write Hannibal treating Will, you're ruining my rep (kidding, this was fun to do). I hope this turned out anywhere near close to what you wrote! Actual science facts by way of this article.

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